

BIG BATTLE RAGING; JAPS HELD IN CHECK

Russian Southern Army Resists an Assault Which Lasted for Four Hours, but Finally Stops the Advance of the Enemy at Haicheng.

Forces of the Mikado Resumed the Attack Later, and at Last Accounts the Fight Was Still in Progress—Terrible Loss on Each Side.

(Special Cable Despatch to The Evening World.)

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LONDON, July 30.—Despatches from Haicheng bring the news that a decisive battle is in progress in which the Russian Southern army is making a most desperate effort to hold in check the advance of the Japanese.

This battle began at 7 o'clock yesterday morning with a heavy artillery fire, but in a short time almost the entire forces of the two armies were engaged. Protected by the big guns which had been skillfully placed, the Japanese infantry advanced along the line of the railroad in an endeavor to cut off the Russian Southern army and isolate it from the other army under Gen. Kuropatkin.

For four hours the terrible conflict lasted, the Japanese steadily pushing forward and occupying advanced positions. It looked as though their move would be successful, but finally, with a desperate resolve, the Russian forces were rallied and at 11 o'clock the Japanese advance was checked. There was an appalling loss on each side.

After the Japanese were checked in their forward movement there was a short cessation of general fighting. Later in the day the Japanese resumed their attack and when the latest news was sent from the front the battle was still raging.

VLADIVOSTOK FLEET RETURNING TO ITS PORT.

TOKIO, July 30.—P. M.—The Vladivostok squadron passed Tsugaru Straits on the way to Vladivostok at 1 o'clock this afternoon.

JAPANESE HAVE NOT CAPTURED PORT ARTHUR

TOKIO, July 30.—Port Arthur has not fallen. The denial is made here officially because of the rumors that have reached here and the inquiries made from hundreds of sources.

In addition to this bit of information it is estimated that the Vladivostok squadron in its raid down the Pacific Coast on the shipping has caused the detention of 200,000 tons of chartered shipping for ten days and the loss will amount to \$7,500,000. The raid was a most disastrous one.

The last heard of the squadron it was heading homeward, and it is hoped the raid is over and shipping will be resumed on the Eastern coast. The Pacific Mail Company's steamship Korea will be held at Yokohama, and the steamship Siberia at Kobe until their safety is assured.

The German Mail Steamship Company is using Kobe as a terminal for the transshipment of passengers and cargo.

OKU REPORTS HIS LOSS.

The Japanese casualties at the battle of Tatschiak, as reported by Gen. Oku, were 12 officers and 138 men killed and 47 officers and 848 men wounded, a total of 1,043 killed or wounded. Gen. Oku estimates the Russian loss at 2,000.

SAYS ITALIANS KILLED SOLDIER PAYMASTER AND DRIVER SHOT DOWN

Capt. Burfeind Hurries Back from Vacation to Investigate Strange Murder of James Hammett in Westchester.

Capt. Burfeind, of the Westchester station, hurried back from Canada, where he has been enjoying a vacation, today and took personal charge of the investigation which his sleuths are making into the murder of Private James Hammett, of the Eighteenth Coast Artillery, whose body was found in Westchester creek with a knife wound through the heart.

"I have made a thorough investigation of this matter," said the Captain today, "and am satisfied that Hammett was killed in a fight with Italians. He was very drunk and quarrelsome and I believe that he was making his way to Fort Schuyler when he got into trouble with one of the Italians who live in the colony near the creek."

Capt. Burfeind's detectives were going through the colony today closely questioning every man in it. Arrests are expected by to-night.

SINGING IN THE PARK.

United German Societies to Join in Sunday Concert.

Five hundred members of the United German Societies of the city will join the band in the regular Sunday afternoon concert on the Mall in Central Park to-morrow. A large stand has been erected for the singers.

The concert will be held from 4 to 6 o'clock.

YOU find it in "World Wants."

1910 Business Opportunities and For Sale ads, were printed in The World these last two weeks. 764 more than the second highest New York City newspaper.

POLICE COMMANDERS FROM SEVERAL PRECINCTS WHO WERE SWITCHED AROUND TO-DAY BY COMMISSIONER M'ADOO.



TUCKAHOE TRACY GIVES NO NAME

Outlaw that Led the Westchester Police on Such a Hard Man-Hunt Refuses to Tell Who He Is in Court To-Day.

"I have nothing to say. I have no name. I am half dead. Yes, I waive examination." This was all that the bandit who was captured by a Tuckahoe policeman after he had shot Detective Kelly and had been chased by two policemen for two days in the Tuckahoe woods, during which a score of shots were fired at him, would say when arraigned before City Judge Simpson at Mount Vernon on the charge of attempted murder.

Weak from hunger and suffering from his long exposure, the Westchester desperado, who refuses to give his name or say where he came from, had to be held carried and led by Detective Atwell and Policeman Charles Embert to the police court. The station-house is two blocks from the court-room, and the prisoner almost fainted from exhaustion after he had walked this distance. He was heavily handcuffed, and a large crowd of men and boys followed the bandit to the Court-House.

"What's your name?" Keeper Marsh asked him. "Kaye," mind my name," he replied. "Call me Bill, John, Jack or any old thing."

"Give me your first name," Sergeant Clark said. "No, I don't care to."

On the police court sheet he was entered as "John Tracy," and the police called him the "Outlaw of Westchester."

He is poorly dressed and had only seven cents when arrested. He looks like a tramp, and it is believed he is nothing but a plain hobo in hard luck. "Why," said he, "the Mount Vernon policeman fired fifteen shots at me and they could not hit me. I didn't even have to dodge the bullets. Look at my gun; it is an old-fashioned Indian gun and you will see that it has two chambers emptied."

"I will commit you to the White Plains Jail to await the action of the Grand Jury," said Judge Simpson. The prisoner was hurriedly taken to the White Plains Jail.

BION L. BURROWS VERY ILL.

Rapid Transit Commission Secretary Has Nervous Prostration.

Bion L. Burrows, Secretary of the Rapid Transit Commission, is seriously ill with nervous prostration. He was removed to a sanatorium at Summit, N. J., early this week to take the "milk and open air cure," but has not been bettered.

Mr. Burrows was at one time connected with newspaper work. He became confidential to the late Mayor McAdams, and was Secretary of Mayor Hedges. He was promoted to the position of secretary, which position he held until the end of Mayor Strong's term. He was then appointed Secretary of the Rapid Transit Commission.

Mr. Burrows has worked incessantly for five years without a holiday.

CLOSED DOORS AT FORT LEE.

County Prosecutor Checks Wide-Open Sunday at Resort.

Owing to the number of complaints that have been sent to Prosecutor Koester, of Bergen County, the saloon-keepers of Fort Lee and Carlstadt will have to keep their front doors closed hereafter on Sundays. Notice to this effect has been sent to the proprietors of saloons, and it is said every available detective will be on duty to-morrow to see that the order is carried out.

Most of the population in the two places are German-Americans, and there are usually several picnics of Germans from New York there on Sundays, and the saloon-keepers always kept their saloons wide open. Now they will have to do business through the side doors as do other places in the county.

17 CAPTAINS IN POLICE SHAKE-UP

(Continued from First Page.)

neighbored. Capt. Hayes is sent from the West Forty-seventh street station—the new Tenderloin—to the West Thirty-seventh street station, and his place in the Forty-seventh Street Precinct is taken by Capt. Hussey. Capt. Hayes has asked for a transfer several times. He had little time for sleep in his busy station. Capt. Hussey is a Republican, if a Manhattan police captain can be said to hold political affiliations.

HARD PILL FOR CAPT. KEMP.

The man treated worst of all appears to be Capt. Charles Kemp, of the West Sixty-eighth street station, who is sent to Hunter's Point. He is a young policeman and was very energetic in a hard precinct to handle.

WILL SOON GET BETTER JOB.

Capt. Foody and Cooney were transferred out of Manhattan by the Reform police administration. They have many influential Tammany friends. It is not thought that Capt. Cooney will remain long in the Grand Central Sub-Station, where there is nothing to do but receive complaints of lost baggage and direct wandering farmers.

CONTRACTOR A SUICIDE.

KINGSTON, N. Y., July 30.—John Mitchell, a wealthy contractor of this city, committed suicide today by shooting himself through the head. Last February he injured his head and since then he has acted strangely at times. He was preparing plans for work on several large contracts in New York.

SEEK NEW HEADQUARTERS.

Democratic National Committee Secretary Looking Around.

Urey Woodson, Secretary of the Democratic National Committee, was occupied today in looking over rooms for headquarters here for the committee, in place of the Hoffman House.

CHILD'S FATAL FALL.

Baby Girl Tumbles Downstairs and Dies of Injuries.

While at play, Rachael Devarner, one year old, fell down two flights of stairs at her home, No. 237 First avenue. The child was taken to the Harlem Hospital, where she died this morning.

SLEUTHS SCARE COFFEE THIEF

Disguised as Flour Bags, They Yell "Drop That!" and Screaming "Ghosts!" Colored Man Falls in a Heap.

"Come like coffee because it's black. Hit! Look for the coon and you land your man!" It was midnight. Central Office Sleuths Arthur Carey and "Joe" Burke had ambushed themselves into the coffee and four houses of Joseph J. O'Donohue at No. 131 Front street. They were on a still hunt for the thief who for months had been surreptitiously removing forty pounds of coffee a night from the premises under cover of darkness.

It was to be a play in colors. The detectives so arranged it. Burke wore a blue serge suit. Carey a dark drab. That would never do. Better disguise themselves as animated flour bags! No sooner said than done. The contents of two bags of flour the sleuths sprinkled over themselves. They stood breathless when a stealthy approach was heard. Nothing but the tread of the watchman outwards disturbed the midnight stillness.

A tall, dark figure approached. It had let itself into the warehouse with a skeleton key.

"Guess he'll take us for skeletons when he spots us," said Human Flour Bag No. 1.

"Or ghosts," said Human Flour Bag No. 2.

Corralling a bunch of coffee the tall, dark figure was about to decamp when Human Flour Bags cried in chorus, "Drop that!"

The tall dark figure screamed "Ghosts!" and fell to the floor all a tremble.

He said he was John Roberson, the colored assistant janitor of the building.

"Ain't you real ghosts?" he managed to ask on the way to the station-house. Roberson, who lives somewhere on De Kalb avenue, Brooklyn, was held in \$500 bail in the Centre Street Court by Magistrate Breen today.

"This is in no sense a general shake-up. It is merely the making of some changes that I am convinced are necessary for the greater efficiency of the force and which I concluded ought to be made now."

"I have given Capt. Hussey, Burns and Dillon three very important precincts and I will hold them responsible for good results. I consider the Twenty-second Precinct (West Forty-seventh street station) one of the most important precincts in the city, and in some ways quite as much so as the Tenderloin."

"The Captain in that precinct must be firm, courageous and impartial, and, of course, thoroughly upright and possessed of good judgment. I shall expect good work from Capt. Hussey, and it will be his fault and not mine if good results are not obtained."

"Capt. Dillon is a young officer and showed good capacity this spring when drilling the forces for the annual parade. His precinct is a very important one. I send Capt. Burns to the Thirty-second Precinct (East One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street station) with confidence that I will get good results from him."

"I have filled the vacancy caused by the death of Capt. Schultz by sending Capt. Desoy there, and I will find another Captain without making promotions to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Capt. Short. No promotions, therefore, are at this time necessary."

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SHERIFF MAKES WAR ON BANDITS

Nearly Two Score Arrests in the Croton Valley. Where There Has Been a Reign of Terror and Many Holdups.

ALLEGED "BLACK HAND" KING IS CAPTURED.

Conditions of Lawlessness in District Close to New York Have Been for Months Almost Incredible.

The first blow at the condition of brigandage which has existed in the Croton Valley for the past month has been struck by the Westchester County officials, and as the result of the drag net thrown out by Sheriff James F. Merritt nearly two-score arrests have been made, among the prisoners being one Antonio Filipo, who is said to be the King of the Black Hand Society and the instigator of most of the crimes which have been committed throughout the valley during the past few weeks.

Filipo was captured in bed to-day in his shanty near Croton Lake by Under Sheriff Lane and Deputies Kuss and Hill. At his bedside was a Winchester rifle, fully loaded, and two revolvers. A black mask, such as many of the marauders have worn on the robbing expeditions, was also found in the shanty, and the officials are satisfied that in Filipo they have the mainspring of the bandit organization which has terrorized the community so long.

Reign of Lawlessness. The conditions of affairs in the Croton Valley, right on the very borders of New York City, have been as bad for the past month as they possibly could be. Lawlessness has reigned and thousands of dollars in money and property have been stolen. There have been over 300 hold ups, not more demands for money unbacked by violence, but real wild Western hold ups at the points of revolvers. In broad daylight men have made a turn in the road to find themselves looking down the barrel of a rifle and have been compelled to disgorge for fear of instant death.

Mostly Bad Italians. Most of the men engaged in this work have been Italians of the bad class. Many of them got into the valley originally as members of the working gangs, but speedily quit honest work for the profession of highway-men and assassins. They have preyed principally on their own people, who have proved easy victims, as they, better than any one else, know the weight that is to be attached to the threats of men of this class.

The abandonment of scores of houses by farmers and others because of the building of the new reservoir, has provided homes for the marauders.

Filled Up with Tramps. Early in the spring the houses began to be occupied by tramps. Many of them were still stocked with food and it didn't take long for the tramp system of telegraphy to spread the news far and wide of the largesse at hand. With marvelous rapidity the wanderers came in, until there were hundreds of them at their ease at this ideal spot for their kind. Small robberies began and occasional hold-ups, but the real reign of terror began when the little ring of Italian muscals picked out this place as a rendezvous and began their operations from it.

These men began with the usual blackmailing tactics. They sent anonymous messages into the road and reservoir camps demanding money from individuals on pain of death. They were successful in getting money for awhile; then some of them were going on and advised the men not to give up any more. After this the holdups began. Men after men were waylaid on the road and several men were kidnapped and not set free until their friends and relatives had sent \$50 to the gang as ransom money.

Girl Employed as Lure. It is said that the thieves even went so far as to use a pretty young Italian girl, the daughter of one of them, to lure the road makers and force every man there to give up at least \$15. Five thousand dollars in salaries were paid out in one day to the crew of the workmen in the valley, and it is estimated that before nightfall the Black Hand gang had in one way and another got \$1,500 of this.

The county authorities regarded the tales of such lawlessness as being exaggerated, and for a long while kept their hands off, but they were finally forced to act. There came to Sheriff Merritt a wordy report from one who complained that the Black Hand men had notified her husband that unless \$500 was forthcoming by a certain time he would be killed. An investigation proved this story to be true, and a little questioning among the reputable Italians proved that it was generally believed among them that several Italians who have disappeared suddenly and without explanation during the past few weeks have been killed by the gang. Known murders in the county were also attributed to this gang by the better class of Italians.

Sheriff Made Big Raid. Sheriff Merritt and his men started out last night and rounded up all the Italians in sight. They were under guard, hurriedly turned out of their cabins, hustled into wagons and driven to jail at White Plains. Some of them showed fight, but the law force that was opposed to them. Then they yielded.

The capture of the king of the gang, the man alleged to be the king, was effected to-day. The man denied all knowledge of the operations of the gang, and his wife, who is known as the queen, also denied any knowledge of the crimes that have been committed.

At the news of the arrest of Filipo the Italian workers in the Valley were jubilant. They said that if the man could be put away the gang would necessarily collapse. A large number of them turned in their weapons, and some of the women raised their hands to heaven and seemed to be giving thanks when they saw that Filipo was really in the toils.

All of the prisoners were sent to the White Plains Jail on charges of highway robbery. It is believed that every member of the gang has been taken and that some of the Italians, who have been very timid up to now about making complaint, will agree to appear against the men.

"SEE DOSE 'N?— ASSASSINATORS!"

Whispering Which, Wassenberg-er Pointed Out Cringing Desperadoes Who Confessed They Were Hired to Kill Him.

WEREN'T UNION SLAYERS. BUT CUT-RATE KIND.

For \$10 They Offered to Separate Tailor from His Life, and Gave Him His Choice of Different Styles of Death.

The Essex Market Court listened to a remarkable story to-day involving \$10 worth of assassination.

Joseph Wassenberg, a tailor, of No. 25 Attorney street, the complainant, began the tale fearfully. He looked behind all the doors of the court-room, under the cushions and the carpeting at the ceiling and slid up to the bar.

"Your Honor," he whispered, "these two men," pointing to two shuffling figures at the bar, "came up to me from right out of the street, and they said, 'Wassenberg, it will cost you \$10 to live!'"

"First I begin to laugh, and I know with quickness, 'If I could live as cheap as I am a rich man.' Then these men they make their faces so evil and they go on: 'Wassenberg, we have been hired to assassinate you, make you so dead you are altogether gone; blow you up; shoot you to pieces!'"

"Then I don't laugh so much, and why and who is it will have you kill me?"

"Ladai Pincus, of Stanton street, offers us \$10 to make you assassinated, one says, but Wassenberg for \$10 we let you live. We are kind men."

"Then, Judge, I have a destination, and I rush to the Delancey street police station. Capt. O'Connor was by the desk and I say to him, 'Ob, Captain, I want me \$10 to live. If I don't pay \$10 I don't live any longer. I am assassinated!'"

The policeman he looks funny, and makes a noise that sounds like a bug. But when he sees my tears he says with kindness, 'Well, it is worth \$10 to live. I tell him my story about the two men who will have \$10 by blowing me up and we fix it to make 'em arrested.'"

This prelude, as it developed, was corroborated by Capt. O'Connor, who related the final capture of the two men. The Captain instructed the frightened tailor to make an appointment to meet the two men at Rivington street, near the corner of the Bowery.

The appointment was made according to arrangement, and the \$10 permitting the continued existence of the tailor was turned over to the two desperadoes. They saw the police first, however, and ran. Capt. O'Connor and Detective Eaton gave chase. The Captain weighs 250 pounds and his pursuit of the bought-off assassins was a "thrilling event for the east side."

The prisoners were taken to the Delancey street station, where they described themselves as Jacob Krebs, twenty-three years of age, and Fred Atkinson, and the Berg, of No. 104 Clinton street. They declared under oath that they had been hired to kill the tailor for \$10. Wassenberg, who was dancing about delightedly, was struck by the descending mass and he went down three more flights before he caught his feet.

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